

## BROOKLYN'S GREAT MARKET

FORMERLY A SWAMP, IT IS NOW THE  
FARMERS' PARADISE.

ITS WONDERFUL GROWTH IN A FEW YEARS—  
FURTHER EXTENSION? CONTEMPLATED.

When The Tribune is spread out before you at the breakfast table in the morning and you know how and begin to peruse its contents, which tell of every quarter of consequence in the world, you have only a faint idea of the trouble and expense involved in supplying all the interesting news which it contains for a few cents; but there is one thing in connection with it that you do know, and that is, that most of the work was done by men who were sleeping peacefully.

Their industry is consoling, especially if you are likely to consider your own lot a hard one. But has it never occurred to you that there are other

ITS WONDERFUL GROWTH IN A FEW YEARS—  
FURTHER EXTENSION? CONTEMPLATED.

When The Tribune is spread out before you on the breakfast table in the morning and you draw near and begin to peruse its columns, which tell of ever-increasing matter of consequence in the world, you have occasion to find all the interesting news which it conveys for a few cents; but there is one thing in connection with it that you do know, and that is that most of the work was done when you were sleeping peacefully. This reflection is consoling, especially if you are likely to consider your own lot a hard one. But has it never occurred to you that there are other people who are also laboriously occupied at night as well as the daytime? There are your farmers, your mechanics and tradesmen, your house and city cleaners, your carpenters, your millwrights and the almost endless variety of other vegetables, without which, or some of which, you could not more think of enjoying your dinner than you could of going without your sleep. Well, the farmer, at whose expense so many jokes are made, is really the man to whom you are indebted. You never see him; it is true, any more than you do the men who write what you call the morning paper, but if you should see him, you would devote a little more of your attention to the farmer's methods, and a little more observation to note how hard he works, your regard for this sturdy son of toil would be to be shoddy and become at once fixed and substantial.

HOW TO GET TO THE MARKET.

Where can you go to find out all this? You haven't time to make a trip in the country, and besides, it would cost more than you can afford. Very well. You need not leave the city limits. Take a horse-car, or the elevated car, and in twenty-five minutes from any part of the great city of Brooklyn you will be in the market.

can reach the waterfront market in about an hour and a half. Farmers of a large district, within an hour and a half of their place of production, can get their produce to the market from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper carrier is going to bed. The market is near the Navy yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle, which drown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will think perhaps for the first time what an enormous quantity of food the population of this island consumes daily by the enormous market within the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago as eight years was of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no more than a collection of stalls, stretching from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st. and down several blocks into North-ave., waiting their turn to be carried across the East River. You want

can reach the Wallabout. Long Island pour all their farmers a load of produce every day after day from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper is going to bed. The market is near the Navy yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle which drown the clamor in the other part of the city. The first time you go there you will think perhaps for the first time what an immense quantity of meat and vegetables alone is consumed daily by the enormous population within the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago as eight years ago is slighter than the East City. It was the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no uncommon thing to see scores of trucks and wagons loaded with vegetables stretching from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to the City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st. and down several blocks into North-east, Walling there was a slight increase in the East City. You will know why. Simply because there was no place or them in the City of Churches. There was a Bible case, and there is still, called the Atlantic Market, a Atlantic-case, and Hoke-st.; but it is not much more than a large shed; where vegetables can be bought at retail, while at Wallabout a great variety of things are sold at wholesale. With the opening of the bridge, however, New York's big neighbor began to require more knowledge, and has advanced so well the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Woodford say that it is Brooklyn which is going to annex New-York.

can reach Wallabout Market in the arms of a large part of Long Island, pour all their produce daily from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper is going to bed. The market is near the Navy yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle, which crown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will think perhaps for the first time what an immense quantity of meat and vegetables are consumed daily by the enormous population within the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago as eight years ago of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no uncommon thing to see scores of trucks and wagons loaded with vegetables stretching from the city to Wallabout, all the way up to Harlem and overpassing often into Coart-st., and down several blocks into North-ave., waiting their turn to be carried across the East River. You want to know why. Simply because there was no place for them in the City of Churches. There was a little market, and there is still called the Atlantic Market, a Atlantic-ave. and Hoke-st.; but it is not much more than a large stall, where vegetables can be sold as done on a small scale, too. With the opening of the bridge, however, New-York's big neighbor began to take more knowledge, and has advanced so well in the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Goodford say that it is Brooklyn which is going to annex New-York.

**EARLY AT WORK.**

The business in Wallabout Market is ever when the people engaged in ordinary occupations are rubbing the sleep out of their eyes. The din of voices is but a faint echo of a babel in the morning, and everybody is in a hurry to get off to their latest work, and the farmers begin to hitch up their teams and go home. The writer was there during these busy hours one morning last week, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when the thunder and lightning created such a hubbub, and the rain came down in such torrents as to clean the entire market in a way that the most hopeful citizen of Manhattan Island can never expect to see the streets so clean that great metropolises cleaned so long as the present century has been in the world.

"Who looks after the sanitary arrangements here?" asked the writer to John Milligan, a bright and well-informed man, who has charge for a large trim of uncollored commission dealers in East-ave.

"The city," said he, "and although I am not much of a politician on any side in these matters, I am bound to admit that they do it fairly well."

The buildings here seem to be very unsatisfactory

farmers can reach Wallabout Market from their produce day after day from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper is going to bed. The market is near the Navy yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle which drown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will think perhaps for the first time what an enormous quantity of meat is consumed daily by the enormous population within the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago as eight years ago is of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no uncommon sight of most of the produce of the city being taken to the city by vegetable stretchers from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to the City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st., and down several blocks into Myrtle-ave., waiting their turn to be carried across the East River. You want to know why. Simply because there was no place for them in the City of Churches. There was a little space, and there is still, called the Atlantic Market, on Atlantic-ave. and Block-st.; but of vegetables can be bought at retail, while at Wallabout Market business is done on a small scale, too. With the opening of the Bridge, however, New-York's big neighbor began to require more knowledge, and has advanced so well the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Coffey say that it is Brooklyn which is going to annex New-York.

**EARLY AT WORK.**

The business in Wallabout Market is over when people engaged in ordinary occupations are rubbing their eyes. The din of voices here, and everywhere about 4 o'clock in the morning, and everything is quieted down at 7, or half past 8 at latest, when the farmers begin to hitch up their teams and go home. The writer was there during these busy seasons one morning last week, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when the thunder and lightning created such a hubbub, and the rain came down in such torrents as to close the markets and prevent all outdoor work. A mild storm of rain on Saturday Island ran never expect to see the streets that great metropolises changed so long as the present regime of misgovernment remains undisturbed.

"Who looks after the sanitary arrangements here?" asked the writer to John Miligan, a bright and well-dressed man, who has charge for a large tract of wholesale commission dealers in Produce.

"I don't know," said he. "Although I am not much of a politician on any side in these matters, I am bound to admit that they do it fairly well."

"The buildings here seem to be very unsubstantial structures, don't they?"

He smiled. "How little people know about such matters," said he. "Do you remember when the new market was opened a few years ago in New York City? The brick built like brick places were all alike, and all about the same size. If there was to be variety of business carried on there, What was the result? No two men have the same taste, and no two men wanted to have their shop or shop partitioned off and set up exactly alike; each one was obliged to spend money in altering had been done already, and in many cases could not altogether restoring it in a way to make it have to do that here?"

"We did not," said he. "These buildings which we saw around almost all of them of wood, have been put up by the tenants themselves, who own them individually."

"But you are obliged to pay rent for them?"

"Not at all; we simply pay a ground rent to the owner of the land, and the rest goes to the tenants."

can reach the Wallabout Market in half an hour all their fingers crossed for that, from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper writer is going to bed. The market is near the Navy Yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle which drown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will find perhaps for the first time what an enormous quantity of meat is consumed daily by the enormous population abutting the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago—eight years was of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no uncommon thing to see a horse-drawn wagon loaded with vegetables stretching from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to the City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st., and down several blocks into North-ave., waiting their turn to be carried across the East River. You want to know why. Simply because there was no place for them in the City of Churches. There was a little place, and there is still, called the Atlantic Market, but it is so small that it can take care of less than one-tenth of the produce that can be brought at retail, while at Wallabout Market business is done on a small scale, too. With the opening of the Bridge, however, New-York's big neighbor began to acquire more knowledge, and has advanced so well the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Woodford say that it is Brooklyn which is going to annex New-York.

**EARLY AT WORK.**

The business in Wallabout Market is ever when people engaged in ordinary occupations are rubbing their sleep out of their eyes. The din of voices begins about 4 o'clock in the morning, and everything is quieted down at 7, or half-past 8 at latest, when the farmers begin to hitch up their teams and go home. The writer was there during these busy hours one morning last week, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when the thunder and lightning created such a disturbance, but it is not unusual for the city folk to leave the entire market open to a way that the most hopeful citizen of Manhattan Island may never expect to see the streets of great metropolises cleaned so long as the present course of misgovernment remains undisturbed.

"Who looks after the sanitary arrangements here?" He said the writer to John Miligan, a bright and well-formed man, who has charge for a large firm of fish and shell goods, and is known to the entire market as "the fish peddler."

"The city," said he, "and although I am not much of a politician on any side in these matters, I am bound to admit that they do it fairly well."

"The buildings here seem to be very unsanitary structures, don't they?"

"He said, "How little people know about such matters," said he. "Do you remember that the market was opened a mere two weeks ago? In New York City built on old-fashioned brick places, some all alike, and all about the same size, if there was to be no variety of business carried there. What was the result? No two men had the same taste, and no two men wanted to have their store or shop partitioned off and set up exactly alike; each one was obliged to spend money in altering his place into a business showy, and in many cases demolishing it altogether and restoring it in a way to suit himself."

"Did you have to do that here?"

"We did not," said he. "These buildings which we see around almost all of them of wood, have been put up by the tenants themselves, who own them individually."

"Are you are obliged to pay rent for them?"

"Not at all," said he. "I simply pay a ground rent to the city, which the inspector who has charge of the market collects every month, and which amounts to a good round sum, without counting the tax that is levied daily on and paid by the owner of each stand."

**THE WAY IT BEGAN.**

It is now about four years since the city government began to think that if all the produce which is needed for consumption in Brooklyn could be secured in its immediate vicinity, Brooklyn ought to have a place suitable and convenient in which to produce could be bought and sold. The land is a swamp before it was devoted to its present purpose, and was owned by the United States Government. It was sold to the city, and might be the source of considerable money had it been spent in settling it into something like decent space before could be made ready for the business to which it is now devoted. The market adjoins the Navy

one can reach the Wallabout Market in half an hour all their business of a large part after dark from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper writer is going to bed. The market is near the Navy Yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle which drown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will find plenty of people for the first time after dark from one end of the year to the other. There are no tables set up as usual; the enormous populations along the borders of Kings County, and what has changed, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago as eight years was of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City by water in long narrow boats, and they took their trucks and wagons loaded with vegetables stretching from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to the City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st., upon several blocks into North-ave., waiting the turn to be carried across the East River. You would know why. Simply because there was no place for them in the City of Churches. There was a little place, and there is still, called the Atlantic Terminal, but it is not much more than a large stall, where vegetables can be bought at retail, while at Wallabout Market business as done on a small scale, too. With the opening of the bridge, however, New-York's big neighbor began to acquire more knowledge, and has advanced so well under the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Allen say that it is Brooklyn which is going to annex New-York.

**EARLY AT WORK.**

The business in Wallabout Market is ever when the sleep out of their eyes. The din of voices here about 4 o'clock in the morning, and everything as quieted down at 7, or half past 8 at latest, when the farmers begin to hitch up their teams and go home. The writer was there during these busy hours one morning last week, and again in the afternoon of the same day, to see the change and movement in such terms as to enable him to publish the truth as a way that the most hopeful citizen of Manhattan Island may never expect to see the streets that great metropolis cleaned so long as the present regime of misgovernment remains undisturbed.

"Who looks after the sanitary arrangements here?"

I asked the writer to John Miligan, a bright and well-informed man who seemed to know something of the business of commission dealers in East-ave.

"The city," said he, "and although I am not much of a politician on any side in these matters, I am bound to admit that they do it fairly well."

The buildings here seem to be very unsubstantial structures, don't they?

He smiled. "How little people know about such things!" He pointed out some remodeling when the new market was opened a few years ago in New-York City. The old building had handsome brick places, men all alike, and all about the same size, if there was to be no variety of business carried there. What was the result? No two men have the same taste, and no two men wanted to have their goods or shop paraphernalia put up exactly alike. They were obliged to spend money in altering what had been done already, and in many cases demolishing it altogether and restoring it in a way to suit himself."

"Did you have to do that here?"

"We did not," said he. "These buildings which we see around, almost all of them of wood, have been put up by the tenants themselves, who own the buildings."

"But you are obliged to pay rent for them?"

"Not at all; we simply pay a ground rent to the city, which the inspector who has charge of the market collects every month, and which amounts to a good round sum, without counting the tax that levied daily on and paid by the owner of each wagon."

**THE WAY IT BEGAN.**

It is now about nine years since the city government began to think that if all the produce which is needed for consumption in Brooklyn ought to be produced in its immediate vicinity, Brooklyn ought to have a place suitable and convenient in which the produce could be bought and sold. The land was swamp before it was devoted to its present purpose, and was owned by the United States Government. In February, 1864, it was bought by the city, and considerable money had to be spent in getting it into something like decent shape before could be made ready for the business to which it was now devoted. The market adjoins the Naval Hospital, and the main thoroughfare entering into it is Washington-ave. It looks like a busy country town in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, when the troops and are deserted, it looks like a village. The streets are paved and at night the market is lighted by electricity. In the centre is a large lot open, having an area of 101,000 square feet. The farmers unhitch their horses here from midnight until break of dawn, and there are stables convenient where their horses are kept. At the arrival of those who want to buy, it might be thought that no great punctuality is required in traffic which involves only such mere commonplace commodities as vegetables, but the writer was assured that if a man from the country should be

one can reach Wallabout Market in half an hour all their business except for that day from one end of the year to the other. You will have to visit that place about that hour in the morning when the average newspaper writer is going to bed. The market is near the Navy Yard, and there you will hear a din and bustle which drown the clamor in the other parts of this busy neighborhood, and incidentally you will think perhaps for the first time what an enormous quantity of meat is consumed daily at the enormous population within the borders of Kings County. And what a change, too, in a few short years! Wallabout has been there as long as Brooklyn itself but Wallabout Market so short a time ago—eight years was of slight consequence. Up to that time the Long Island farmers went to Washington Market in New York City. It was once no doubt the chief motive why it was loaded with vegetables stretching from the Fulton Ferry all the way up to the City Hall and overflowing often into Court-st., and down several blocks into Myrtle-ave., waiting their turn to be carried across the East River. You want to know why? Simply because there was no place for them in the City of Churches. There was a little place, and there is still, called the Atlantic Market, but it is so small that it could hardly accommodate more than a large stall where vegetables can be bought at retail, while at Wallabout Market business as done on a small scale, too. With the opening of the bridge, however, New-York's big neighbor began to require more knowledge, and has advanced so well the course of self-instruction that you hear occasionally such well-known men as General Stewart L. Woodford say that it is Brooklyn which is going to conquer New-York.

**EARLY AT WORK.**

The business in Wallabout Market is ever when people engaged in ordinary occupations are rubbing their sleep out of their eyes. The din of voices here about 4 o'clock in the morning, and everything as quieted down at 7, or halfpast 8 at latest, when the farmers begin to hitch up their teams and go home. The writer was there during these busy hours one morning last week, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when the thunder and lightning created such a hubbub, and the rain coming down cleared the air, and the entire market was in a way that the most hopeful citizen of Manhattan Island can never expect to see the streets that great multitudes cleaned so long as the present regime of misgovernment remains undisturbed.

"Who looks after the sanitary arrangements here?"

The writer to John Milligan, a bright and well-formed man, who has charge for a large firm of fish and shell goods, asked him the question.

"The city," said he, "and although I am not much of a politician on any side in these matters, I am bound to admit that they do it fairly well."

"The buildings here seem to be very unsanitary structures, don't they?"

He smiled. "How little people know about such matters," said he. "Do you remember that the new market was opened a few weeks ago by the New York City Health Board? Well, the brick places were all alike, and all about the same size, even if there was to be no variety of business carried on there. What was the result? No two men have the same taste, and no two men wanted to have their store or shop partitioned off and set up exactly alike; each one was obliged to spend money in altering his old building, and many ways of doing it altogether and restoring it in a way to suit himself."

"Did you have to do that here?"

"We did not," said he. "These buildings which we see around almost all of them of wood, have been put up by the tenants themselves, who own individually."

"But you are obliged to pay rent for them?"

"Yes," said he, "simply pay a ground rent to the city, which the inspector who has charge of the market collects every month, and which amounts to a good round sum, without counting the tax that levied daily on and paid by the owner of each wagon."

**THE WAY IT BEGAN.**

It is now known to think that if all the produce which is needed for consumption in Brooklyn could be raised in its immediate vicinity, Brooklyn ought simply to have a place suitable and convenient in which to produce could be bought and sold. The land is a swamp before it was devoted to its present purpose, and was owned by the United States Government. In February, 1864, it was bought by the city, and the money had to be spent in erecting a building into something like decent shape before could be made ready for the business to which it is now devoted. The market adjoins the Naval Hospital, and the main thoroughfare entering into it is Washington-ave. It looks like a busy country street in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, when the streets and sidewalks are deserted, you see only a few stragglers here and there sorting fruit, or carrying the refuse of fowls in large hoops trying to get in to effect an escape.

The streets are well paved and at night the market is lighted by electricity. In the centre is a large square, having an area of 104,000 square feet. The farmers unhitch their horses here from midnight till the break of day, and there are stables convenient where their horses are cared for while awaiting a driver, whom they want to buy. It might be thought that no grocer, and no many cases a peddler, which involves only such more common commodities as vegetables, but the writer was assured that if a man from the country should be lax as to arrive half an hour late with his load of produce, whether plain or assorted, he would be compelled have his labor for his pains, and be compensated with the alternative of carting it back home free of all claims, or paying a price which the peddlers are so over on the water for such chances should deem it advisable to offer.

"Do many of the Long Island farmers go across the river now?" Mr. Milligan was asked.

"Scarcely any," he said. "Gansevoort Market, which we used to call the 'Goose Market,' was the last trying place where Wallabout was laid out. Gansevoort Market they have a large square such we have here, for wagoes."

"Is it far to New-York?"

"No," said he. "It is oftentimes to prevent a sacrifice of their goods. If they should happen to reach a little late, or even early enough to be unloaded at good time, they make for the ferry without delay they happen to notice that there is a glut in the market."

"What might be the value of a box of strawberries?"

"A very pretty thing," said he. "Maybe from \$15 to \$20. An average cargo of six vegetables call it would reach a handsome figure if the farmer happened to be on hand early and to dispose of it in good prices. By asserted, I mean tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, peas, rhubarb, asparagus, celery and so on."

**DRIVE DRIVE THERE, AND SOME ARE DRIVEN.**

"Do they drive all the way from their farms?"

"No," he answered, "unless they happen to be five or six miles away; but where farmers have a journey of twenty miles before them, and even more, it is often the case, they ship the stuff, horse,

n from there. To tell the truth," he went on, "I sometimes think we don't know we're living when I

RELATION ABOUT THEIR DESTINATIONS—  
NOTES AND COMMENTS.

oh-mated Lord Dundreary had a story about "brave" "widdies" at one time; of course they ineffectively and therefore spoiled what the poor, innocent "widdies" ever did. But even Lord Dundreary could hardly invent riddles to which it would be harder to give an answer than some of the riddles about the size and destination of the ships now in the yard. It is known where some of the ships are, and one can guess in a general way where others are going, because there are only a few where they would be likely to be sent, and few questions anyway. There is nothing known, however, about the destination of all of the ships.

Hints dropped in orders to officers, or from it is commonly supposed that the Chicago Philadelphia are to be ready for sea on Thursday, but neither vessel has received sail orders. These vessels have been repaired and ordered for a cruise, and will undoubtedly be to leave the yard of the vessels now there Philadelphia is to go to the Pacific Station to a squadron. Before sailing she is to lose a part of her present crew, but which crew will be left by whom whose term of enlistment is not over; a large number of the officers will be relieved by others who have a longer sea duty before them. The Chicago has got out of the dry-dock, and the work of fitting a foreign cruise still goes on. At her mast-head the pennant of Acting Rear-Admiral Henry

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who has been appointed to the command of the first European Squadron, and who has been no European Squadron, and will rejoice that this squadron is to be re- and is to have one of the most beautiful as most comfortable of the new vessels for its command. The Chicago probably could sail this week, but slight considerations of the sailing is not yet decided, the question comes up as to what ships will go with her. Will it be the Concord or the Concord or the Yorktown? Then, the Chicago start alone for her station, or will be ordered to wait for her companion?

There are three vessels that will sail as the companion to Europe. The Concord is at the Navy Yard, but the Bennington and the Yorktown are in the Brooklyn yard. The Yorktown will be ready for sea first; the work of re- and condensers is not yet finished, and other the last thing on that she is doing on.

The work on the Bennington will, it is deep her here three or four weeks longer at ; she has been on a foreign cruise and has to a navy yard to be repaired for a long time,

other vessels at the yard (there are eight vessels in commission now there) some gain there a considerable length of time and will depart comparatively soon. The little cutter is to be put into the dry dock and repaired, and after this she is to go for her final fitting. She then may go to Annapolis to be a practice cruiser (for which purpose she was built) or she may be sent to the coast. This is not certain. The Dolphin has been sent along the coast within the last week upon the wreck of a schooner, which was a

The work on the San Francisco, the new of the North Atlantic squadron, is about 12 months. She will, it is most likely, follow the summer; that is, she will make a cruise up New-England coast, stopping at some of the places, in the manner of the cruise to the ice which is made in the winter. The ice to be done to the Baltimore. When she can start a new expedition, of which she is to be the chief, has been away on a long foreign cruise, as the Benjamin, now needs to lie in a harbor and be put in condition for another season of active service. The repairs on the Benjamin probably will keep her here until some

The last few days steam has been raised in the yard. There is some rumor about a dock trial, and Naval Constructor Ferguson to the department at Washington in a few days. It would cost to take her to the yard for that purpose. The contractors say the engines are being kept waiting for money (about \$120,000 being yet due) long enough might have been tested and accepted through any fault of theirs nor of the department, but because the delivery of the armor has been delayed. If the engines are tested for a dock trial, it is thought that a part of the money can be paid to the contractors, the balance when the engines have been finally accepted. At the same time the armor

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